

Good Morning

167

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

W. H. MILLIER says

GOLDEN AGE OF BOXING

HERE'S THE SECRET OF THE WORLD BEATERS

Englishman showed how—but we forgot

SINCE writing my discourse on the deterioration of boxing skill, I have discovered that there was a dearth of fistic talent in this country round about the period of the Boer War. I have found a recorded talk by Mr. A. F. ("Peggy") Bettinson on the decline of English champions. The date of it is 1902, but it reads as if it might well be 1942.

This is Bettinson speaking: "It may be well for me to suggest, in the first place, that the present apparent decline in English boxing is little more than one of those passing fluctuations which are natural to any popular sport. Neither English cricketers, footballers, nor jockeys maintain an invariable level of excellence. Unsuccessful years interpose themselves between periods of prosperity, and the very moment of apparently hopeless decline is in reality the moment of revival."

True, enough, there was certainly a revival soon after this period.

American boxers show their superiority over ours because they have absorbed and put into practice that very style and those very tactics which once made English boxers the superiors of the world. I say that why boxers are beaten by Americans is because they have discarded their own style, and, what is more singular, they remain obstinately unaware of it.

"I may lay it down as an undeniable maxim that there is only one style of boxing. That style found, probably, its most perfect exponent in Jem Mace. It is to Jem Mace's method and tactics that the present generation of American boxers owe their superiority.

JEM MACE AND HIS PUPILS.

"The truth of this must be followed in its practical workings through two continents.

First Australia. Mace went there at the end of his active career. He became proprietor

of an hotel and soon attached a boxing saloon. To this boxing saloon may be traced the first step towards the present-day proficiency of Australian and American boxers. It was in this saloon that Mace taught Larry Foley all that he knew of the art of self-defence, which was everything worth knowing. In Foley he found not only an apt, but a consummate pupil. He also taught Fitzsimmons. Larry Foley, in his turn, became a teacher, and produced Peter Jackson, Jim Hall, Dan Creedon, Young Griff and many others.

We know that Peter Jackson had a long and successful stay in America, and his style and ring tactics were speedily copied. Bob Fitzsimmons followed, and as he, too, boxed in the Mace style, American boxers benefited considerably.

There were other almost equally good exponents of the English style who taught American boxers, notably Billy Edwards.

This calls for an explanation. In McFarland's day there was no control of any sort. Champions brought the capitalisation of their titles to a fine art. The championship brought fat

a native of Manchester, and Arthur Chambers.

It is the old story of the pupil eventually succeeding in licking his master. In boxing this is what we may expect to see. To trace the results step by step would take a very long time, but I trust I have conveyed the main essential truth in this mere outline and may return to the subject as the various champions come up for review.

It is a fact that we have had to thank visiting American boxers in more than one generation for re-introducing the best elements of the English style into its country of origin. The most outstanding example that I can recall at the moment, although there were many notable earlier ones, is Packey McFarland.

CHAMPION WITHOUT A TITLE.

Perhaps it is true to say that for a stylish skill McFarland was the cleverest boxer at any weight that came here from America. I have only to mention that he was never beaten in the whole of his career, which ran from 1904 to 1915 (and remember that this was indeed a vintage period) for it to be realised that he was an outstanding performer. Yet, strange as it may sound, McFarland never held a championship title.

This calls for an explanation. In McFarland's day there was no control of any sort. Champions brought the capitalisation of their titles to a fine art. The championship brought fat

dividends and was not likely to be relinquished lightly. As a consequence, the blind eye would be turned towards any would-be champion who appeared to be at all capable of dethroning the title-holder. In most instances the champion would eventually be forced by the pressure of public opinion to defend his title, but at the period under review there was a champion known as Battling Nelson, a thick-skinned and hard-headed Dane, who snapped his fingers at public opinion and steered clear of a gentleman named Packey McFarland.

At all events, **Fred Welsh**, a native of Pontypridd, whose real name was Fred Hall Thomas, won the world's light-weight championship in 1914, and won it well, yet he could not beat McFarland. I saw them both at their best, and I have no hesitation in saying that the American was the better boxer.

In their great contest at the National Sporting Club on May 30, 1910, we had a vivid contrast in styles. If a student of scientific boxing, knowing nothing of the two men in question, had been taken to the ringside whilst the bout was in progress and then asked to name which was the American, he would certainly have pointed to Welsh.

WHEN WELSH WAS BEATEN.

Welsh and McFarland first met in Milwaukee in February, 1908, when McFarland won on points in a 10-round contest. Welsh was not satisfied, and said had the distance been longer he could have beaten his man. This being the excuse, McFarland thought it would put the matter beyond doubt if they had a return contest over the marathon course of 25 rounds. They met at Los Angeles on Independence Day, 1908, and put up a great battle, but the verdict was a draw, always an unsatisfactory ending.

Neither man was really satisfied and it was inevitable that they should have a third meeting. All the same, it took two years before they would finally agree to terms for a third contest. Welsh was a wily customer. Not for nothing was he known as the Welsh Wizard. He was not only wily in the ring, where he knew every trick there was to be known, but he believed in winning as much of the battle before he signed articles as was possible.

He was a great stickler for his own terms, and it was because he wanted to get McFarland into the ring at an unsuitable weight, that is to say, unsuitable to the American, that it took so long to bring them together for the third time.

Welsh knew that he could not afford to concede the smallest point to his great rival, and it was because he knew how difficult it was for McFarland to make the light-weight limit that he thought he was on velvet with twenty-five rounds at Los Angeles, feeling sure that his opponent's strength would give out long before the end. The wonder is that it did not. At the weigh-in McFarland was dried out to such an extent that immediately after passing the scales he emptied the water jug and called for more.

That was his greatest difficulty. He would have been at his best around 10st, or a little over, but as there was no longer any championship at this weight, he had to boil himself down to 9st. 9lb. To think that he was so good in spite of the difficulty in getting down to weight is sufficient to stamp

JEM MACE SHOWED THE WAY



him as a boxer of the highest class, yet in years to come it is quite likely that the name of McFarland may be completely forgotten because his name is not included in any list of world champions.

For my part, I count it high among the many bright spots of my recollections that I had the good fortune to see this brilliant American box at his best. I saw him in all his moods when he came here in 1910, and used to spend a lot of time at his training camp at Jack Straw's Castle, at Hampstead, and I can say that if anyone had the right to that glibly-applied title "one of nature's gentlemen," it was Patrick McFarland, of Chicago.

He had a lot of worry over making the weight, but that was light compared to the way he worried over whether he would get a square deal. Even at this distance of time, more than 30 years later, I can recall how I laughed at his fears on this head, and told him that he didn't know how high they counted the reputation of straight-dealing at the National Sporting Club. Such a crime as a crooked decision was not only unthinkable, I insisted, but it just could not happen.

I wished I had not been quite so emphatic. That McFarland won this memorable battle with his great rival is beyond question. In fact, he won by such a

clear margin that to give the verdict against him was scarcely possible, and the referee (I can still picture his pained perplexity) said his decision was a draw.

The upshot was that Mr. Bettinson called a meeting of the N.S.C. committee, and after a full inquiry, it was decided that the referee should never again be permitted to officiate in any capacity at the National Sporting Club.

Everyone present at that fight enjoyed every moment of it, but very few felt happy about that decision. It was generally agreed that such superb boxing skill as revealed by the American was worthy of its full reward—victory. To a large number present it was a revelation. Many of the members did all they could to assure McFarland that his display had been magnificent.

I must certainly place on record the fact that Packey never uttered a word of complaint. On the contrary, he told me that he would always preserve among his cherished memories the fine reception he had been given in this country, and the warmth of applause that followed his display. Yes, indeed, Packey was a gentleman.

HOW "TIPPERARY" WAS BORN

By Ronald Garth

"TIPPERARY" is a song that lotted time and completely disengaged us to win the last organised the bill. The audience Submariners hummed it once always wanted it again as they slid through the and again.

After that Jack Judge took you'll find a strange story. There are many yarns about the way it began, but this is the real McCoy.

Two folk in show business, Winifred Ray and her hubby, were in digs in Darwen in 1912, when they met a fellow music-hall artist named Jack Judge.

BIRTH OF A WINNER. "I've got a song that'll smash 'em to smithereens!" Jack told his fellow boarders. "You shall hear it when we've had a bit of supper after the show."

After a meal of fish and chips Jack Judge sat down at the piano and ramped out the song which has since gone round the world.

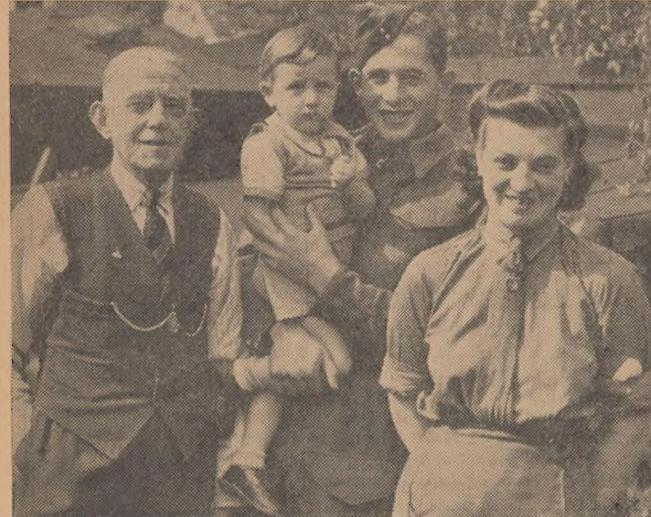
The Rays were so attracted by it that they decided to include it in their act. And they paid 11s. 6d. band parts included, for the rights to do so.

The first copy of "Tipperary" ever made was just scrawled out in pen and ink on two rough sheets of paper.

The first night Winifred sang it in a music-hall the audience roared for more.

MORE RAYS. And "Tipperary" has sold 27,000,000 copies to date!

A Family Greeting—and NEWS FROM HOME for Ldg/Smn SIDNEY COOPER



The tomatoes in the garden were getting ripe, and your father was justifiably proud of his efforts. When we asked him if you did any gardening when you were home he just laughed.

Guess you are the best judge as to what that signified. He added that most of your spare time was spent taking clocks to pieces. He's a great sport, your father. You and he must get a kick out of swapping yarns. One in particular that amused us was about the one occasion on which the family enticed, or forced, you into the Central. Your wife and Bill enjoyed that joke, too.

Talking of you, your wife, and leave, she already has firm plans in her mind regarding your next visit home. If there are any Abbott and Costello films in London then you will see them. If the swimming baths are open then you will apply to dancing. Only that is called, was packing his bag kiddle, and should occupy quite a surprise for you.

WE wonder if you knew how he has spent most of the week with George Mayes. He added that you would guess where they spent most of the time. George sends kind regards.

Next to memories of our honeymoon, it is my most treasured possession," Mrs. Cooper told "Good Morning" when we visited her at 1 Gillett Avenue, East Ham.

We also noticed a locket she wears on her tie. It has your photograph inside. You may be able to see it in the picture.

Here are a lot of messages for you, Sidney.

Your mother and father are well and keeping very busy. Brother Bill, in the Royal Marines, who was home when I a few days old. He's a cute kiddle, and should occupy quite a surprise for you.

QUIZ

For today

1. A schnauzer is a German judge, a cocktail, a dog, a gardening tool, a South American fruit?

2. Who wrote (a) "The Four Georges," (b) "Three Men on the Bummel"?

3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Rubens, Titian, Raphael, Palestrina, Velasquez?

4. What is a native of Newcastle called?

5. Who said, "Come into the garden, Maud?"

6. What is the plural of hiatus?

7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Lionize, Oppanax, Linolium, Pincers, Moidore, Ellipse?

8. How many joints are there in a fly's leg?

9. Who "Sees it Through" in one of H. G. Wells's novels?

10. Correct, "The cup" that cheers but not inebriate." Who wrote it?

11. Charles I was beheaded in 1629, 1649, 1659, 1669?

12. Complete the pairs: (a) Cain and —; (b) David and —.

Answers to Quiz in No. 166

1. Sword.

2. (a) Samuel Butler. (b) Ethel M. Dell.

3. Quoits is not a ball game; the others are.

4. Salopian.

5. Byron.

6. Mother-of-pearl.

7. Risseles, Odious.

8. Thirteen.

9. Character in Borrow's "Lavengro."

10. "Of glorious life." Sir Walter Scott.

11. 1759.

12. (a) Albert, (b) Daisy.

WANGLING WORDS—123.

1.—Replace the asterisks with the same two letters, in the same order, in each of the following, and make four words: *A*E, *E*A*, *I*E, *I*K.

2.—Rearrange the letters in each of the following to make four articles of furniture: AEDDEORRW, A A C H I M R R, ABERUU, DEERRSS.

3.—Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: WIRE into CLIP, BEAR into STAG, SAME into YARN, LAMP into WICK.

4.—How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from CHESTERFIELD?

Answer to Wangling Words—No. 122

1.—INchPIN.

2.—STOKE POGES.

3.—HANG, BANG, BANS, BATS, OATS, ORTS, ORES, OPES, OPEN, OVEN, OVER, LAMB, LAME, CAME, CARE, BARE, BARD, HARD, HERD, HEED, REED, REEF, BEEF, FLAG, FLAT, FLIT, SLIT, SLIP, SHIP.

WELL, WELD, HELD, HOLD, HOLE, DOLE, DONE.

4.—Star, Rats, Slat, Salt, Tail, Last, Lion, Lain, Nail, Lorn, Torn, Sail, Tarn, Rant, Rain, Rail, Liar, Soil, Silt, Rots, Slit, Last, Lost, List, etc.

Talon, Saint, Train, Slant, Start, Satan, Natal, Trail, Lions, Trait, Salon, Rains, Stain, Snail, Roast, Stilt, Stair, etc.

There's nothing half so sweet in life as Love's young dream.

Thomas Moore
(1779-1825).

For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toll.
Goldsmith.

"I know how the Captain will die"

THE WORST CRIME IN THE WORLD

By G. K. CHESTERTON

(By permission of Mrs. G. K. Chesterton).

bank I was sure that the man was either very heavy or was carrying something very heavy. Also, by the way, there's another moral from that little incident when we jumped the moat.

"My brain is rather reeling," said Granby, "but I begin to have some notion of what all this nightmare is about. What about our jumping the moat?"

"At the post office to-day," said Father Brown, "I casually confirmed the statement the baronet made to me yesterday, that he had been there just after closing-time on the day previous—that is, not only on the very day we arrived, but at the very time we arrived. Don't you see what that means?"

"It means," continued the priest, "that he was actually out when we called, and came back while we were waiting; and that is why we had to wait

moat—for the bridge wasn't lowered till later. I rather guess he had hampered it himself to delay inconvenient visitors, to judge by the rapidity with which it was repaired. But that doesn't matter.

"What does matter—is the picture I saw. I saw that fancy picture of a black figure with grey hair taking a flying leap across the moat, and I knew instantly that it was a young man dressed up as an old man. And there you have the whole story."

"You mean," said Granby slowly, "that this pleasing youth killed his father, hid the corpse first in the armour, and then in the moat, disguised himself, and so on?"

"They happened to be almost exactly alike," said the priest. "You could see from the family portraits how strong the likeness ran. And then you talk of his disguising himself. But,

"Which difficulty do you mean?" asked Granby.

"I mean that if the son was not even disinherited, it would look rather odd that the father and son never met. The theory of private repudiation answered that. So there only remains one difficulty which is now troubling the Captain—how on earth is his old man to die?"

"I know how the Captain will die," said Granby.

"Ah," said Granby thoughtfully, "the legal negotiations! The old baronet would have negotiated very differently."

"He would have told you very plainly that the Captain would never get a penny," said Father Brown. "The plot was the only way of preventing his telling you so. But I want you to appreciate the cunning of what the fellow did tell you. His plan answered several purposes at once. He was being blackmailed by that yellow-haired woman for some villainy. He escaped her at a stroke—and probably sent her chasing off to Riga after him.

"But the most beautiful refinement of all was that theory he enunciated about recognising his son as an heir, but not as a human being. Don't you see that while it secured the post-obit money he wanted from you, it provided some sort of answer to what would be the greatest difficulty of all?"

"Which difficulty do you mean?" asked Granby.

"I mean that if the son was not even disinherited, it would look rather odd that the father and son never met. The theory of private repudiation answered that. So there only remains one difficulty which is now troubling the Captain—how on earth is his old man to die?"

"I know how the Captain will die," said Granby.

Father Brown went on in a more bemused fashion.

"There is more in it than that," he said. "There was something more about that theory that he liked in a way that was more than theoretical. It gave him an insane intellectual pleasure to tell you in one character that he had committed a crime in another character—when he really had. That's what I mean by the infernal irony; by the joke shared with the devil. Shall I tell you something that sounds like a paradox?"

"Sometimes it is a joy in the very heart of hell to tell the truth. And, above all, to tell it so that everybody misunderstands it. That is why Captain Musgrave liked that antic of pretending to be somebody else, and then painting himself as black—as he was. And that was why my niece heard him laughing to himself all alone in the picture gallery."

Granby gave a slight start, like a person brought back to common things with a bump.

"Your niece!" he cried. "Didn't her mother want her to marry Musgrave? A question of wealth and position, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Father Brown dryly, "her mother was all in favour of a prudent marriage."

END

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



She's ace-high at ice-cream scoffing, an expert horsewoman, and altogether a super child star. Perhaps you saw her take the mike out of Mickey Rooney once. Remember her? Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 166: Ginger Rogers.

MISSING WORDS

Fill in the missing words according to the clues, and the centre word down will give you the name of a well-known Russian city. Here are the clues: 1, Foggy. 2, College. 3, Trade Mark. 4, Heavily bombed city. 5, R.A.F. slang for water. 6, Musical instrument. 7, Black man. 8, Sleepy. 9, Anger. 10, Jockey.

1								
2								
3								
4								
5								
6								
7								
8								
9								
10								

JANE



WELL, WHEN'S THE HAPPY DAY?—AND WHERE ARE YOU GETTING SPliced?—ST MARGARET'S?

NO, I'M AFRAID IT WILL BE RATHER A RUSHED AFFAIR!—GEORGIE'S BEING SENT ABROAD, YOU SEE—

—SO WE'RE BEETING ROUND TO THE REGISTRAR WITH A SPECIAL LICENCE THIS WEEK! I'M LOOKING FOR SOMEWHERE TO PARK A BAG NOW, AS I DON'T LIVE IN THIS DISTRICT...

SURE, YOU CAN LEAVE IT IN MY FLAT, ME BOY!—AND MEET THERE AFTER THE CEREMONY, IF YOU LIKE!—ANYTHING TO OBLIGE AN OLD PAL!

DEW CLEFT
CELEBRATE
CUBAN OCHRE
HEAT POKERS
ARESIN LET
PP DOLED TA
TOP BERET T
ELOPED FACE
RISER TIROS
TELLTALES
TESTY YES

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10							11	
12				13	14			
15			16		17			
18			19	20				
	21	22				23	24	
	25	26				27	28	
29	30		31	32				
33		34		35				
36		37						
38					39			

CLUES DOWN.

1 Carriage. 2 White shade. 3 Kind. 4 Bound. 5 Unprotected. 6 Girl's name. 7 Stork-like bird. 8 Recipient. 9 Farm produce. 14 Musical two-some. 16 Painful affliction. 20 Occurred. 22 Yellow flowered herb. 23 Make certain. 24 Pulled sharply. 25 Disjoin. 28 Norwegian. 29 Woof. 30 Vein of ore. 32 Front of ship. 34 Tank.

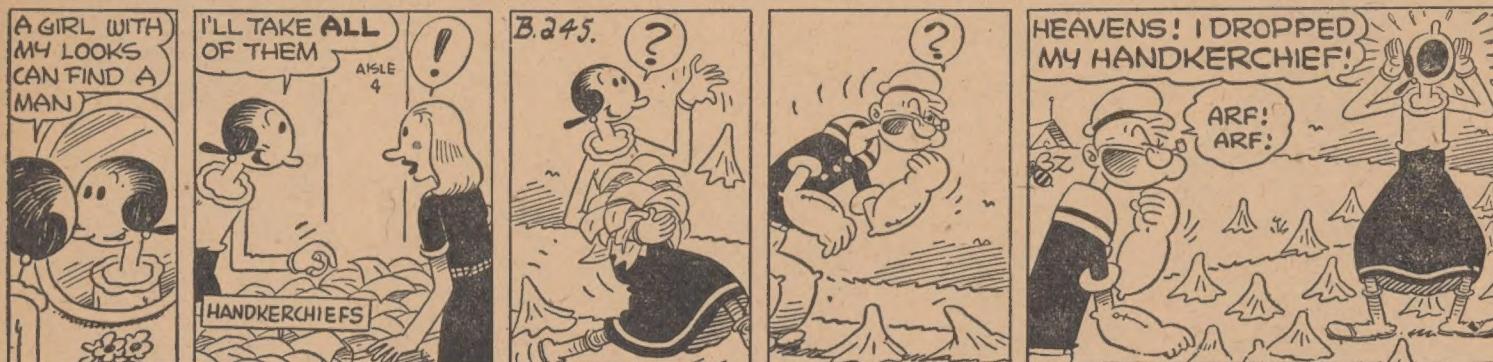
BEELZEBUB JONES



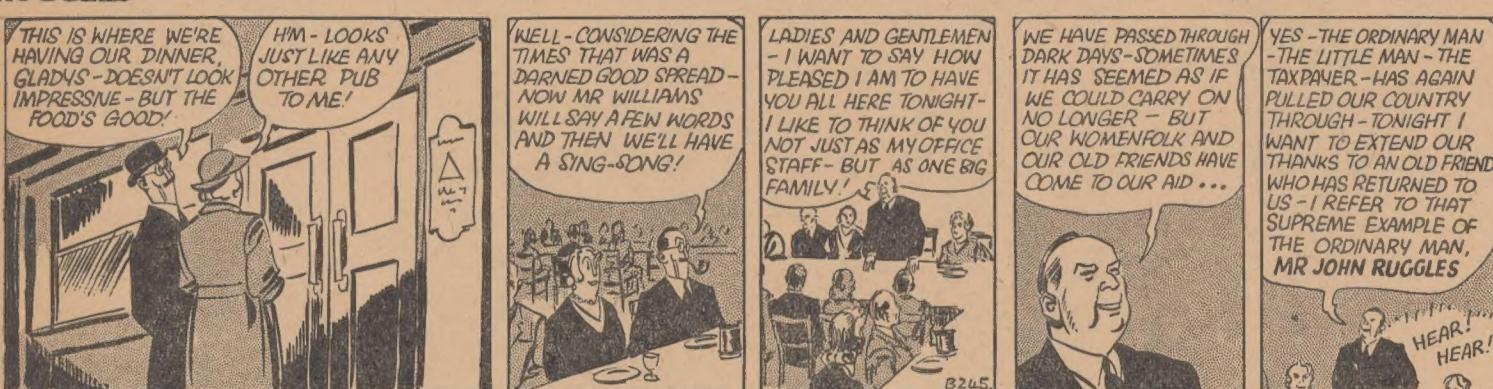
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Dog stars stage come-back

By RONALD RICHARDS



DOGS have come back into favour with movie-makers and are being used to an extent not equalled since Rin-Tin-Tin died and the "pad-dog" went out over ten years ago.

"Pad-dogs" were trained to rip the padded seats out of a comedian's trousers as he went over a fence, or to tear his equally padded leg. They used to be stock players in every comedy, and though not as famous as Rin-Tin-Tin, made almost as much money.

"Pee-Dee" (initials for pad-dog) made over £100 a week in the old Keystone Komedies.

But popular tastes in comedy changed, and no new dog stars came along, and for quite a while canine actors dropped out of films almost entirely.

For the past year or so, though, dogs have gradually been coming back, and every now and again studios have to bid against each other for a dog, which makes things pleasanter for the trainers.

ALMOST A STAR.

Almost a star of "My Friend Flicka"—20th Century-Fox's Technicolor production of Mary O'Hara's best-selling novel—is "Shep," a yellowish-white collie, who plays Roddy McDowall's pal in the picture.

"Shep" comes into the picture quite a lot, so that if he displays enough personality he has a chance of becoming a name-dog.

Director Harold Schuster promised "Shep's" trainer that he would give the collie a screen credit if he earned it. This is important, because dogs haven't been getting screen credits very often recently.

Of course, "Asti" and "Daisy," in "The Thin Man" and "Blondie" series respectively, have been doing all right and are working currently as they have been for several years.

There is a new collie called "Pal" who will also be given a chance to star in "Lassie, Come Home," which will also star Roddy McDowall.

A police dog named "Kazan" was featured as a blind detective's dog in "Eyes in the Night," and will be used in future pictures with the same characters.

TRAINING BROTHERS.

"Tip," a yellow mutt who did an excellent piece of work in "Dr. Cyclops," is much in demand, although he has not been featured as yet.

The Cairn terrier "Romulus," who worked in "Gone With The Wind," is busy, and Fox are considering a starring picture with "Buck," Carl Spitz's big St. Bernard.

Mack Weatherwax is one of four brothers who have been supplying over half the dogs for pictures.

All four of the brothers are now on locations, as is their father, who founded the business over twenty years ago.

How well the dogs are doing in pictures can be judged when you know that this is the first time that more than three of the Weatherwax's have been working at the same time.

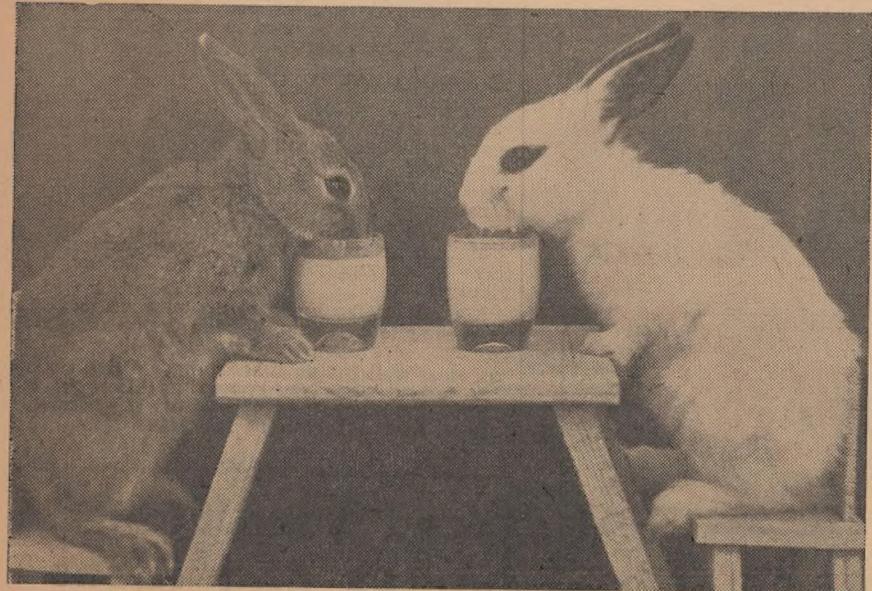
Send your Stories, Jokes and ideas to the Editor

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



Somebody is thinking very sweetly of somebody. If your left ear isn't burning, Submariner, then those gorgeous eyes are just wasting their time.



"Yes . . . but the way she said it. THAT was what annoyed me."
"Oh, shucks ! Get on with your milk. I warned you about her, but you took no notice."



"What on earth are you two doing ?" "Sssh ! Can't you see we're on a magic carpet, and Fido's taking us RIGHT up into the skies."



This England

Are you a Lake District lover ? Then this early morning mist at Grange, Barrowdale, is going to revive some happy memories.



"'All Clear,' chaps. The enemy appears to have made a strategic retirement."

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"That reminds me . . . PIG'S EAR."

